

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

SELECTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

BIOGRAPHY.

BUTLER—THE CELEBRATED POET.

(From a late edition of 'Hudibras'.)

SAMUEL BUTLER was born in the parish of Strensham, in the county of Worcester, and baptized there the 13th of February 1612.—His father, who was of the same name, was an honest country farmer, who had some small estate of his own, but rented a much greater of the lord of the manor where he lived. However, perceiving in this son an early inclination to learning, he made a shift to have him educated in the free school at Worcester, under Mr. Henry Bright; where, having passed the usual time, and being become an excellent school-scholar, he went for some little time to Cambridge, but was never matriculated into that university, his father's abilities not being sufficient to be at the charge of an academical education; so that our Butler returned soon into his native country, and became clerk to one Mr. Jeffreys of Earls-Croom, an eminent justice of the peace for that county, with whom he lived some years, in an easy and no contemptible service. Here, by the indulgence of a kind master, he had sufficient leisure to apply himself to whatever learning his inclinations led him, which were chiefly history and poetry; to which, for his diversion, he joined music and painting; and I have seen some pictures, said to be of his drawing, which remained in that family; which I mention, not for the excellency of them, but to satisfy the reader of his early inclinations to that noble art; for which also he was afterwards entirely beloved by Mr. Samuel Cooper, one of the most eminent painters of his time.

He was, after this, recommended to that great encourager of learning, Elizabeth, countess of Kent, where he had not only the opportunity to consult all manner of learned books, but to converse also with that living library of learning, the great Mr. Selden.

Butler lived some time also with Sir Samuel Luke, who was of an ancient family in Bedfordshire; but, to his dishonor, an eminent commander under the usurper Oliver Cromwell: and then it was, as I am informed, he composed this loyal poem, entitled 'Hudibras.' For, though fate, more than choice, seems to have placed him in the service of a knight so notorious, both in his person and politics, yet, by the rule of contraries, one may observe throughout his whole poem, that he was most orthodox, both in his religion and loyalty.—And I am the more induced to believe he wrote it about that time, because he had then the opportunity to converse with those living characters of rebellion, nonsense, and hypocri-

fy, which he so lively and pathetically exposes throughout the whole work.

After the restoration of King Charles II, those who were at the helm, minding money more than merit, Butler found that verse of Juvenal to be exactly verified in himself:

*Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat,
Res angusta domi:—*

And being endued with that innate modesty, which rarely finds promotion in princes' courts; he became secretary to Richard, Earl of Carbury, Lord President of the principality of Wales, who made him steward of Ludlow-Castle, when the court there was revived. About this time, he married one Mrs. Herbert, a gentlewoman of a very good family, but no widow, as the Oxford antiquary has reported. She had a competent fortune, but it was most of it unfortunately lost, by being put out on ill securities, so that it was of little advantage to him. He is reported by our antiquary to have been secretary to his Grace George Duke of Buckingham, when he was Chancellor to the University of Cambridge; but, whether that be true or no, it is certain the Duke had a great kindness for him, and was often a benefactor to him. But no man was a more generous friend to him, than that Mæcenas of all learned and witty men, Charles Lord Buckhurst, the late Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, who, being himself an excellent poet, knew how to set a just value upon the ingenious performances of others, and has often taken care privately to relieve and supply the necessities of those, whose modesty would endeavor to conceal them; of which Butler was a signal instance, as several others have been, who are now living. In fine, the integrity of his life, the acuteness of his wit, and easiness of his conversation, had rendered him most acceptable to all men; yet he prudently avoided multiplicity of acquaintance, and wisely chose such only whom his discerning judgment could distinguish (as Mr. Cowley expresseth it)

From the great vulgar or the small.

And, having thus lived to a good old age, admired by all, though personally known to few, he departed this life in the year 1680, and was buried at the charge of his good friend Mr. Longuevil of the Temple, in the yard belonging to the church of St. Paul.

TO MR. SPECTATOR.

The just remonstrance of affronted THAT.

'Though I deny not the petition of Messrs. *Who* and *Which*, yet you should not suffer them to be rude, and to call honest people names: for, that bears very hard on some of those rules of decency, which you are justly famous for establishing. They may find fault, and correct speeches in the senate and at the bar: but let them try to get *themselves* so often, and with so much *eloquence*, repeated in a sen-

tence, as a great orator doth frequently introduce me.

'My Lords, (says he) with humble submission, *That* that I say is this; that, *That* that that Gentleman has advanced, is not *That*, that he should have proved to your Lordships. Let those two questionnaire petitioners try to do this with their *Whos* and their *Whiches*.

'What great advantage was I of to Mr. Dryden in his *Indian Emperor*,

You force me still to answer you in That, to furnish out a rhyme to *Morat*? And what a poor figure would Mr. *Rayer* have made without his *Egad* and all *That*? How can a judicious man distinguish one thing from another, without saying, *This here*, or *That there*? And how can a sober man without using the *Expletives* of oaths, (in which indeed the rakes and bullies have a great advantage over others), make a discourse of any tolerable length, without *That is*; and if he be a very grave man indeed, without *That is to say*? And how instructive as well as entertaining are those usual expressions, in the mouths of great men, *such things as That*, and *the like of That*.

'I am not against reforming the corruption of speech you mention, and own there are proper seasons for the introduction of other words besides *That*; but I scorn as much to supply the place of a *Who* or a *Which* at every turn, as they are *unequal* always to fill mine; and I expect good language and civil treatment, and hope to receive it for the future: *That* that I shall only add is, that I am,

'Yours,

THAT.

[From the Spectator.]

An Extract from one of Dr. Goldsmith's Essays.

ALL that the wisdom of the proud can teach, is, to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The Cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good humour be construed by others into insensibility, or even idiotism; it is happiness to ourselves; and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it. For my own part, I never pass by one of our prisons for debt, that I do not envy that felicity which is still going forward among those people who forget the cares of the world, by being shut out from its ambition.

The happiest silly fellow that I ever knew, was of the number of those good natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever he fell into any misery, he usually called it seeing life. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hybernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to him. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree, that all the intercession of his friends in his

favour was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his death bed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him,—"I leave my second son Andrew," said the expiring miser, "my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, prayed Heaven to prolong his life, and health to enjoy it himself. "I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his eldest brother, and leave him, besides, four thousand pounds." "Ah! father, cried Simon, (in great affliction to be sure) "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself." At last, turning to poor Dick, "As for you, you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to good; you'll never be rich: I'll leave you a shilling to buy a halter." "Ah! father," cries Dick, without any emotion, "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself." This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless imprudent creature.—However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father; and my friend is now not only excessively good humoured, but completely rich.

Yes, let the world cry him a bankrupt who appears at a ball; at an author who laughs at the public which pronounces him a dunce; at a general who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar; or the lady who keeps her good humour in spite of scandal; but such is the wise behaviour that any of us can possibly assume. It is certainly a better way to oppose calamity by dissipation, than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it. By the first method, we forget our miseries; by the last, we only conceal them from others.—By struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict; but the sure method to come off victorious, is by running away.

CHARACTER OF EDMUND BURKE.

THE universality of Mr. Burke's knowledge and erudition, the powers of his imagination, the rapidity of his eloquence, the perfection of his language, and the various objects to which he can and does continually apply them all, must tend to make him a very conspicuous and distinguished character in the scenes of the present period. It may, perhaps, be considered by some as a misfortune to the world, that his extraordinary genius, whose private studies might have so greatly delighted and informed his public life. It is there, however, that we must tend him, to consider the various and astonishing qualities of his oratorical character.

Mr. Burke's powers of persuasion are scarce to be equalled, his sources of knowledge are universal and inexhaustible, his memory is comprehensive and faithful, while his mind teems with the most luxuriant imagery, clothed in the most elegant language, and strengthened by the most fortunate and brilliant expressions. The splendour of his fancy has never been excelled by any orator, and even by few poets of any age or period. From the depths of science, the labours of art, the long

track of history, the flights of poetry, the passing moment, as well as that which is gone for ever, it collects, or, I should rather say, commands the most apt, varied, and beautiful images, to support and decorate his elocution: nay, such is the extent of his power, that, in the very tumult of his eloquence, they instantaneously present themselves, from the general miscellany of nature and things, like the soldiers of Cadmus, in complete armour and array, to support the cause of their creator. The mine below, and the firmament above, the cave of the ocean, and the Alpine mountain, the splendor of a throne, and the peasant's "clouded shoon," are alike the overflowing sources of strength and decoration to his eloquence. The harmony of his periods, and the accuracy of his expressions, in his most unpremeditated speeches, are not among the least of his oratorical accomplishments. In the most rapid of his flights, when his tongue can scarce keep pace with his thoughts, and the hearer, can with difficulty attend him in his course, he never fails to seize the most choice words and expressions that are to be found in the treasury of language.

His details are interesting, important, and correct; his arguments are plausible, replete with information, and never supported by designed misrepresentation to answer the purposes of debate. His knowledge of parliamentary business is so vast and multifarious, that every matter brought into discussion, whether politics, jurisprudence, finances, commerce, manufactures, or internal police, with all their divisions, subdivisions, and ramifications, is treated by him in such a masterly manner, as to induce those who hear him to imagine, that he dedicated his life to the investigation of that particular subject. After all, it would be injustice to pass over his occasional displays of the most pure moral, and to omit the acknowledgement that his speeches seldom fail to possess a strong tincture of the most amiable philosophy.

[*European Magazine.*]

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

[The frightful increase of quack doctors, in all our great towns, induces us to exhibit the ensuing law report, in which may be seen with what a strict balance British Justice weighs the medical mountebank and assassin.] [Port Folio.]

SHERIFF'S COURT.

RICHARDS AGAINST BURNET.

THIS was a writ of enquiry of damages, in an action brought by the plaintiff, a clerk in a counting-house in the city, against the defendant, a vender of quack medicines, who styled himself a doctor, and distributed hand-bills, advertising medicines which were to cure every disorder incident to the human frame.—It appeared the plaintiff had been subject to a scorbutic affection on the face; he applied to a regular apothecary, who told him there was nothing alarming in his case, and that it was only necessary for him to live regular.—The plaintiff, however, in a short time after, grew impatient, and having met with one of the defendant's hand-bills, he applied to him for relief. The defendant undertook for the sum of ten guineas, half of which was paid down

immediately, to effect a complete cure. With this view he prescribed certain pills, the virtues of which were enumerated in his hand-bill. The plaintiff was to rub an ointment on his face every night. He went on thus administering his medicines, and occasionally obtaining a guinea from the young man, who found himself from that time getting infinitely worse. He was at last reduced to such a situation, that he was nearly deprived of the use of his limbs, and his eye-sight was extremely impaired. In this situation he acknowledged to his friends the error he had committed; the assistance of an eminent physician was obtained, who found the plaintiff in a state of the utmost danger.—He attributed it to the injudicious and indiscriminate application of preparations of mercury and antimony. By proper treatment the plaintiff recovered the use of his limbs, but the sight of his left eye was entirely lost. It was to obtain a satisfaction for the injury the present action was brought. The witnesses consisted of medical gentlemen, who deposed, that the plaintiff owed not only the loss of his eye, but the debility of his whole frame, solely to the unskilful management of the defendant.

The Under-Sheriff expressed his surprise, that causes of this nature were not more frequently the subjects of inquiry in courts of justice. It was a matter of regret, that the legislature did not turn its attention to an evil, which had extended itself not only throughout the metropolis, but every part of the country. Such men as the defendant could be considered in no other light, than as public pests to society; a legalized plague to sweep mankind from the face of the earth. He hoped the jury would read a lesson, which would have a tendency to check an evil which had been too long tolerated.

The jury consulted a short time, and returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, *four hundred pounds.*

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

IN contemplating the variety of human knowledge, history, that most fruitful source of light to the understanding, commands our attention. Although the study of history be so necessary to the attainment of a polite education, so important to every active member of society, and indispensable to the person, who holds a high rank in civil life, yet too frequently is its supreme importance but little regarded. Too often does the inconsiderate youth employ his leisure hours in studying, not the pleasing and instructive relations of an authentic historian,—but, the romantic and useless production of a futile imagination. The student, whose object is, to lay the foundation of future respectability, and to acquire a fund of useful knowledge, too often neglects the study of history, which ought to be considered an essential part of his pursuit.

From history the profound statesman and the able politician derive that knowledge, in the science of government, which enables them to form correct ideas of the effects of laws,

and the tendencies of political change, and by exerting their abilities for the public good, to hold a conspicuous rank among the valuable ornaments of their country. By tracing carefully the rise and fall of nations they discover causes, which operate in raising a country, to glory and renown; and those too, which precipitate it into obscurity and ruin.

In history human nature is fully displayed, and those secret springs, which animate and impel to action, are laid open to view. Here the philosopher, instead of building his system upon the vain theories of speculative geniuses, has the sure guide of actual experiment, to assist him in unfolding the mysteries of nature, and to direct his steps in the paths of truth.

Here the moralist finds a store of important transactions, which, digested with due reflection, enriches his mind, and enables him to give salutary and instructive precepts for the benefits of society. He finds vice displayed in its most hideous forms, and virtue the rewarder of her votaries.

Here the poet is supplied with interesting subjects to exercise his pen—to paint in lively colours the valiant exploits of the hero; to extol with the charms of verse, the wise mandates of the illustrious sage; to draw forth the tears of sympathy, by the piteous complaints of oppressed humanity; and to excite the emotions of admiration, at the noble acts of fortitude, performed by persons, in suffering persecutions to preserve inviolate the tie of friendship. Such are the advantages to be derived from history.

The introduction of novels and romances into the literary world has greatly contributed to vitiate the human mind, and to create a distaste for more useful studies. A prevailing fondness for such futile productions is more especially evinced among the weaker part of the female sex. So much are they charmed with the wild adventures of unfortunate lovers, and the insipid tales of enchanted castles, that duty is neglected to indulge this propensity, virtuous accomplishments but little studied, and moral precepts entirely disregarded. If amusement be their object, cannot the illustrious virtues and noble actions of a *Lucretia*, a *Cornelia*, and a *Porcia* engage their attention?

Here are examples of female fidelity, patriotism and fortitude, worthy the admiration of the fair. Not the vain essays of the imagination; but authentic accounts of persons, who were once the pride of Roman grandeur; and whose superior merit has ranked their names on the rolls of fame to be handed down to future ages, as ornaments of their country, ornaments of their sex, and ornaments of human nature. Happy would it be for the virtuous fair, happy for society, happy for mankind, could a disposition for the study of history, especially when enlivened with the relations of such characters, be more generally cultivated.

S.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Mr. ORLANDO,

THE infirmities of age have occasioned my long silence—I again resume my pen. Con-

sidering my time of life, you will suffer me to deal a little in Egotisms.

I went the other day to visit my neighbour *Smart*, for the sole purpose of spending a social hour. When I drew near the house, my nervous system was as much agitated, by the boisterous altercation I heard within, as if I had been overtaken with thunder and lightning, mingled with heavy rain and hail. I stood aghast, hesitating, for a moment, whether to retreat or proceed; but resuming my native intrepidity, I boldly pushed forward and gave a loud rap at the door. I was told, "walk in." Upon entering I found neighbor *Smart* and his wife in a warm and passionate dispute. Their countenances were distorted, and indignation flushed from their eyes. Without showing me the least attention, they went on with their dispute and redoubled their fury. You may be assured my situation was not very pleasing—but my admiration and surprise were excited, to the highest degree, when I found the cause of their altercation. One affirmed that a hen would hatch more chickens from an odd number of eggs, than from an even number—the other denied the assertion. This was the cause, and the only cause of their quarrel.

After raving at each other for a long time, they agreed to submit the matter in dispute, to my decision. I did not think it prudent to side with either party, and declined giving my opinion. Very imprudently, however, I repeated the following Epitaph, which I saw engraved upon a tomb-stone, many years since, in an ancient town.

E P I T A P H.

"Underneath this turf do lie,
Back to back, my wife and I.
Generous stranger stop the tear;
For if she speak I will not hear.
Happier far, than when in life;
Free from noise and free from strife,
When the last trump, the air shall fill;
If she gets up, I'll e'en lie still."

Good lady *Smart* soon gave me cause to repent my want of prudence. Her passions were influenced—her indignation excited; and with the tongs; a woman's weapon; she aimed a heavy blow at my empty pate, which levelled me with the floor. I gathered myself up, and retreated as fast as my feeble limbs would carry me; resolving for the future to be silent, when husband and wife quarrel.

Let those, in the matrimonial world, who live in contention, examine their past conduct, and they will find their quarrels often originate from causes as trivial, as the one which produced the altercation between *Smart* and his wife.

SENEX.

F A R R A G O.

Newspapers, says a valuable correspondent, might be the most happy means of giving a general spread to morality and religion.—These you can get into the hands of an *infidel* much more easily than you can the bible. And should you persuade him to read the bible, he would not be half so likely to believe what he finds in it as what he finds in his newspaper.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We regret being obliged to send out the last, and present, numbers of the *Tablet* with so few original compositions. The poverty of matter, which we lately experienced, was occasioned by the neglect of two or three gentlemen, who had volunteered their promises, to furnish us, periodically, with original papers.—Some cause, unknown to the Editor, has prevented the fulfilment of their engagements. But, though disappointed of assistance from one quarter, we have unexpectedly received it from another; and the productions, now under our inspection, will, we imagine, enable us to make our readers some little amends for past deficiency of amusement.

We rejoice that the venerable *Senex* has at length 'broken silence.' His essays are fraught with good sense, and evidently evince 'that religion is not always clothed in the garb of mourning.' We hope his domestic, and parochial concerns will, in future, allow him to spend more time in preparing materials to ornament our columns and benefit the public.

We have, at last, labored through M.'s LABORED piece, and find it mere gibberish. It might, perhaps, among the debauched votaries of a grog-shop, raise the 'loud laugh, that speaks the vacant mind,' but would be harsh music to the ear of modesty.

The *Hermit* possesses that ease and simplicity, which always delight, and charm the refined reader.

We sincerely thank our Correspondent in Mass. who forwarded us the poem entitled 'Scientific Allurements.' It appears to be, as he acknowledges it is, the production of a juvenile poet. It, however, displays a brilliancy of thought and harmony of numbers, which prove that the writer is a legitimate child of the Muses.

Several other communications shall soon receive our attention.

ORDAINED,

At Greenland, (N. H.) Rev. James A. Neal.

MARRIED,

At Newburyport, Joseph Dana, Esq. attorney at law, to Miss Lucy Temple.

At Hadley, Estes Howe, Esq. of Sutton, to Miss Joanna Smith.

"While man is growing, life is in decrease,
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb."

DIED,

In Worcester, Sylvia, a female African, aged 105.

In Greenland, John J. Toscan, Esq. formerly consul from France.

In Raymond, (N. H.) Hon. John Dudley, Esq. aged 80.

In Cornwall, (Con.) Mr. Solomon Hart, aged 83.

In Concord, George W. Livermore, Esq. of Holderness, aged 41, son of the late Hon. Samuel Livermore, and Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for the county of Grafton.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

AN IDYL.

WITH glim'ring light the moon half-veil'd
arose ;
Surrounding Nature lost in deep repose ;
The shepherd's pipe had ceas'd its plaintive
strains.

No gloomy meteors flitted o'er the plains ;
The purling rills, and they alone were heard ;
No fiend-like forms, nor spectres to be fear'd,
When I, e'er fond 'mong lonely shades to rove,
In tho't romantic, sought the distant grove.
In deep recess, the thickest gloom of night,
No rays but faint to aid the wand'ring sight ;
Till modest Cynthia from her shining throne,
On all around, with beams resplendent shone.
Beyond where scenes less gloomy were dis-
play'd,

Where busy streams through happy windings
play'd,

I bent my course—from dismal objects fled
To shades obscure, but free from piercing dread.
In sweet delirium lost, secure from care,
Till sudden shrieks e'en rent the vital air.
From cloister'd solitude and lone retreat,
In mein, with ev'ry winning grace replete,
A spirit-like form emerging to the view,
Hailed, "kind stranger," as it near me drew.
'To render aid where anguish deep implor'd,
That aid, a wand'ring mortal could afford,
With haste I sped,—but, ah! the frightful
scene

Where curdling blood had stain'd the smiling
green.

The form, a female frightened ere she rose
From fond retirement and from sweet repose ;
Half-lifeless fallen in her swift career,
With visage wan, impress'd with sudden fear.
In accents faint as zephyrs waft through air,
"Stranger," she cried, "go lend thy guardian
care,

Where rest the ashes, which in union blend,
Of father, mother, brother, sister, friend."
With hast'ning feet and eager view I ran,
And gain'd ere long, where silently began
A sportive rill, the only busy stream
In which now spark'led one full wat'ry gleam.
When lo! aside in prostrate form appear'd
A mangled beast with clotted gore besmear'd ;
Near a fresh pile where watch'd a faithful cur,
Whose care-fraught eyes seem'd moon's full
rays to blur.

The knee-worn turf where gratitude oft pin'd
O'er mould'ring relics, pure relief to find ;
The mangled beast, the ever faithful tray
Who, rous'd by duty, found an easy prey
Were scenes too dismal to my wond'ring view ;
With wonted haste in silence I withdrew.

AGLAUS.

SELECTED POETRY.

BALLAD—BY DIEDIN.

ON Olympus blue summit as loud vacant mirth,
Shook with laughter the sides of the gods,
Were not nectar, cried Bacchus, forbid sons of earth,
'Twere rare sport to celestialize clods ;

Say, shall they a nectar possess of their own.
That like ours with delight shall be rife ?
I've hit it, let Punch, by my fiat, be known,
A liquor the Symbol of Life.

Of the elements four, that the universe sway,
Our nectar celestial we make,
So punch, that henceforward shall moisten man's clay,
Of the passions of man shall partake ;
The sweet that from godlike benevolence flows,
Shall correct the sharp acid of strife,
While the spirit of rage temperance mean shall compose,
So shall punch be the Symbol of Life.

Punch shall be the first fiddle in life's motley band,
That, untuned, scrapes harsh discords and hoarse,
But when screwed to its pitch by a masterly hand,
Shall nobly excellent music discourse ;
Punch, unmade, with a chaos misshapen disclose,
Rude atom with atom at strife,
But, which tempered, to beauty and symmetry grows,
Thus, is Punch, the true Symbol of Life.

When in both, life's warm water, mankind are immersed,
And sweet luxury's fought from afar,
Rage, and four heart burnings, by indolence nursed,
Blaze in all the dread fury of war ;
But when temperate reflection takes rule in the mind,
Cruel war is disarmed of his knife,
And the blessings of peace shed their balm on mankind,
And thus Punch is the Symbol of Life.

As pleasure on pleasure in wedlock you meet,
If, thoughtless, you surfeit and feed,
Sullen, sour discontent shall corrode every sweet,
And luke warm indifference succeed ;
But when wedlock's ingredients, in mean true and even,
Are blended in husband and wife ;
Such a pair, so well mated, on earth find a heaven,
And thus Punch is the Symbol of Life.

Thus in all their concerns, shall this liquor divine,
Some moral instruction impart,
That the medium of truth may correct and refine,
Each crude feeling that springs from the heart ;
Be your lives then nor meekish, strong, sour nor yet sweet,
But a mixture of all, to shun strife ;
So men's joys shall be next to celestials complete,
So shall Punch be the Symbol of Life.

A SONG—BY N. ROWE.

THE FAIR INCONSTANT.

H E.

SINCE I have long lov'd you in vain,
And doted on every feature ;
Give me at length but leave to complain
Of so ungrateful a creature.
Though I beheld in your wandering eyes
The wanton symptoms of ranging ;
Still I resolv'd against being wise,
And lov'd you in spite of your changing.

S H E.

Why should you blame what heaven has made,
Or find any fault in creation ?
'Tis not the crime of the faithless maid,
But nature's inclination.
'Tis not because I love you less,
Or think you not a true one ;
But if the truth I must confess,
I always lov'd a new-one.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

Addressed to a young Gentleman who had deviated
from moral propriety.

When virtue beaming from the star of truth,
Sheds its pure radiance on the morn of youth,—
When science to her shrine thy steps beguil'd,
And reason reign'd, and prosperous fortune
smil'd ;
When charity (in aerial robes attir'd)
Warm'd every wish, and every action fir'd ;

And peace, illumin'd by reflection's ray,
Strew'd her white roses on Lothario's way,
I saw his pliant heart to wisdom giv'n,
Hail'd the fair dawn, and blest'd approving
heav'n ;

Yet ah ! how chang'd when treacherous pleas-
ure smil'd,

And dissipation op'd its thorny wild.
When the dark storm was low'ring 'round thy
head,

Thy reason veil'd—thy manly graces fled ;
Thy firm resolves, by faithless friends betray'd,
And all thy active virtues prostrate laid.

Alas ! how sad the gloomy prospect seem'd,
How faint the star that on life's morning
gleam'd ;

How dim the lustre which adorn'd thy youth,
When science lur'd thee by the voice of truth,
When Heav'n's pure law thy liberal spirit
sway'd,

And peace, with ample recompence repaid.

Could'st thou (my friend) in wisdom's mir-
ror view

Where false enjoyment differ from the true ;
Conviction's vivid flash would glance between
Pleasure's frail form—and virtue's sacred
meins.

The contrast plac'd—alas ! how dark and
dear,

No hopes to solace, and no friends to cheer ;
No compass left, through troubled seas to
guide,

Driven at the mercy of the wind and tide ;
The bark, on life's tempestuous ocean tost,
Her sails all shiver'd—and her anchor lost,
(Whilst clouds involve and foaming billows
break)

She floats, a dismal solitary wreck.

Reverse the scene—diffuse thy light afar,
And make celestial faith thy polar star ;
Immutable as truth thy fame shall stand,
Its base supported by that powerful hand
Which bounds the sea—the starry legion
guides,

Subdues the tempest, and controuls the tides.
Benignant seraphs shall thy life attend,
Thy bliss be permanent, and God thy friend.

EPITAPH ON A FENCING-MASTER.

His thrusts like lightning flew ; but skilful
Death
Parried them all and put him out of breath.

In a Church-yard at Bury St. Edmond's, Suffolk.

Here lies one *More*, and no more than he,
One more, and no more ! how can that be ?
Why one more and no more may well lie here
alone,
But here lies one *More*, and that's more than one.

Hanover, (N. H.) JUNE 12, 1805.

Published every other WEDNESDAY,

BY M. Davis.

1 Dol. per annum—50 Cts. advance.